

THE OMEN

VOLUME 20, ISSUE 2

FEBRUARY 28, 2003

BRAND NEW
POLICY BOX!

WATCH AS WE BREAK EVERY
RULE OF GRAPHIC DESIGN!!!

SUNDAY!
SUNDAY!
SOMEDAY!
THIS ISSUE
WILL BE
FINISHED!



No Kitties
Were Used
To Fill
This White
Space

SIX DIFFERENT FONTS!
COLLECT THEM ALL!

AND POLYGONS?
YOU BETCHA.

“RUNNING OUT OF COVER IDEAS SINCE 1992”

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omen to submit

Volume 20, Number 2
February 28, 2003

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THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIR

Views in the Omen (5)
Do not necessarily (7)
Reflect the staff's views (5)



Cover by Jeffrey Paternostro &
Aaron Buchsbaum

And be sure to read our policy
box at the bottom of the next
page before submitting.

Visit the Omen's very simple
website at omen.hampshire.edu

I (HEART) BOOBS

quote attributed to
UMASS Lawn

CHOOSE YOUR EDITORIAL!

editorial



A man walks into a bar. He marches up to the bartender and asks if he can display a poster for his organization in the window. The bartender asks to see the poster in question, and after some examination, lets the man know that under no circumstances would he ever put up such a poster in his window, and would he kindly leave. The man, nonplussed, quietly leaves the bar and hangs his poster on the streetlamp nearest to, in full view of the bar.

Later that evening, as the bartender is closing the bar, he notices the poster and:

- A) Quietly continues about his business.
- B) Tears it down in a fit of anger.
- C) Defaces it anonymously.

(Please choose one and skip ahead to the paragraph with the corresponding letter.)

A) It turns out that poster in question is for a political party other than the one to which the bartender belongs. Recognizing that while he had a right to deny the man's request to hang his poster on privately owned property, he had no right whatsoever to deny the man's right to poster a public area, even when in full view of his own establishment. This is, to the bartender and the man, perfectly acceptable and something which neither man feels the need to infringe upon. How novel!

B) It turns out that the poster in question is for a political party other than the one to which the bartender belongs. Infuriated that a supporter of a rival party would first insult him and his intelligence by asking to put up such garbage in his business, and further annoyed by its obvious placement



within sight of his own door, the bartender tears it down. He has made up his own mind, and the mind of anyone else who would have happened upon the poster, by tearing it down. How nice of him to think for everyone else!

C) It turns out that the poster in question is for a political party other than the one to which the bartender belongs. Amused at the tenacity of the man and his beliefs, the bartender takes it upon himself to modify the message of the poster with a pen. His political commentary made, he leaves it for others to notice his handiwork and make the obvious choice in favor of the anonymous prankster. How responsible!

I submit the following, as an addendum – How convinced are you that your beliefs are worthwhile when tearing down a poster that you happen to disagree with personally seems like the best possible solution? There are quite a few individuals and groups



policy

The Omen is Hampshire's longest-running bi-weekly publication, established by Stephanie Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the Omen receives will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Although we find such things amusing and entertaining for countless hours, it is just not an option in this forum. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

The Omen will not edit anything you write (except spelling and grammar). You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the Omen do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

There is no Omen staff, save those positions of editor-in-chief and layout editor. To qualify for community service you must be a consistent contributor and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings. Meetings are held every Tuesday after release of an issue in the Airport Lounge at 9PM. Everyone, everywhere, living or dead, should come.

The Omen loves you.



IVAN'S PARABLE

I watched Ivan slump onto the blue couch, drink in hand, and turn his head to face me. His bloodshot eyes were visible across the room. He had the pained look on his face that told me he was about to begin another rant. I wanted to get up and run, but once his stare locked me I was powerless to leave.

"You're so lucky Tony. You don't even know it." He said.

"Yeah, I know," I said, breaking our eye contact and glancing around the room. I locked on the large bookshelf filled with Ivan's books, a collection of 'pure art' as he put it. Bukowski, Fante, Berlin, Leonard, and other greats coated the wall, most half held together after all the wear and tear. There was a faint tinge of cigarette smoke on the air and I could smell the rum on his breath. I hoped that looking away would discourage any further conversation.

"No you don't. You've been through things people your age don't even understand. Are you listening? Do you even understand what your life is like?"

"Yeah man, I hear ya." I said.

"I don't think so," he said and then he put the rum and coke back to his lips. I looked up at the stairs, longing to get away from another drunken ramble. But that wasn't going to happen so I kicked back and laid my feet along the black coffee table between us, settling in for the ride.

"What kind of movies do John's parents make?" he asked.

"Better ones than yours," I replied.

"Hah, ok, you got me, good one... but seriously, big deal, Justin's sister is a movie star, so what? Is he friends with Nobel Peace Prize Winners? Has he been to India or South Africa? Huh?"

I looked away from his red face and nodded, but that didn't please him.

"Huh? HUH? I don't think so. And you know cool people, too. You know me! And I know you don't think I'm cool, I know, I know, I'm just an old geezer, I know." He said.

"A really old geezer," I said with a smile.

"Ouch," he said, grabbing at his heart, "Stop! Stop the pain!"

I laughed and agreed in my head that, yes, he is pretty cool, especially to have as a step dad.

Suddenly the grin dropped from his face and he gave me a piercing stare. I think he would have called it the Detroit look, or maybe the Chili Palmer look. I couldn't match it and had to look away, but I could sense that he was still staring.

"I may be old and getting a bit fat now," he said lifting his shirt and grabbing the pale pouch, "but I am a bad ass motherfucker. And I get my shit done."

"So do I!" I replied.
"Really!?" he said. "When

was the last time you went to school OR a job?"

"Yesterday," I replied sarcastically, even though I hadn't been to either in 2 years.

"Yeah, fuck you. You think you're tough shit don't you? You think you are, but you pussy out at small chores."

I figured it was better to just nod my head rather than get into an argument.

"You want to know about tough? Why don't you go to Burma and interview someone under house arrest huh?"

Oh great, the Burma story, I thought to myself. He loved this one. It was his, "Pity me, but don't really, because I'm tough and I can handle it," story. The first time I heard it I was concerned, but by the fifth time I couldn't have cared less.

"July 10th of 1995 Aung San Suu Kyi was supposedly, *supposedly*, released from house arrest, but that was a crock of shit. I went out there to pitch the idea of PeaceJam to her, conduct an interview and to give her some letters of support from the rest of the Nobel Peace Prize Winners. That place is creepy man, like a jungle. It was hot as hell and raining because of Monsoon. Hundred degrees with a hundred percent humidity. William came with me as the camera man to film the interview."

"The gay William?" I interrupted.

"Yeah, the one who looks like a Kennedy. And I still had my long hair back then, so we

were the odd couple, jeez. I stayed in my room as much as possible, the way I looked. If I can turn heads in midtown New York, I figure, in Burma I'm just screwed, I attract too much attention. But we get there and check into the hotel and go out into the hundred-degree heat and wander the streets. It's creepy there. I've done a lot of world traveling and I could tell that something was wrong here. People kept offering me heroin and 13-year-old girls. But I knew what I was there to do and I didn't let myself get scared away. You understand?"

I nodded but didn't really understand anything more than him sounding tough.

"So we went and interviewed her, but to get into the house we had to pass through a security check with some creepy guys in a little shack that was on *her side* of the gate. And she was *supposed* to be free of house arrest. When we got in I pitched her, in a very quick fashion, the idea for PeaceJam, and she loved it. She was dressed in fine but commonly made clothes, and spoke in a perfect Oxford English accent. She was petite, fine boned, a woman of uncertain charm. Stunning. Few people in the world have the presence that she had. The female Nelson Mandela, but not as much of a dirt bag as he is."

I laughed. I found it interesting how he could flow between gutter talk and highly intellectual phrases.

"Seriously, I love Nelson but he's a politician, but I won't get into that right now. So we did the interview and then did some sight seeing. But, shit, your mom was sending me these

faxes at the hotel saying things like, 'Having fun hanging out with Aung San Suu Kyi?' I mean, fuck, could you be more obvious? So the government knew what was going on and they had their eyes on me."

"Two days later we went back to get some more footage because the humidity had destroyed some tape. After the second interview, William and I split up, and I go straight to the airport, and I'm thinking, 'Great, I can't wait to get out of here.' Cause, Tony, I stick my finger into the air and shit sticks to it; I'm a shit magnet. And I knew things were fucked up there."

I laughed again, but also felt a wall crumble. Even though he knew that they were after him, he still did what he was there to do.

"I get to the airport and I show my passport and go to sit down, and four big guys show up with a piece of paper with my name on it. They stick it in my face and say, 'You?' and I reply, 'Yeah, me.' They get me up and have me follow down this long hall and into a small empty room, except for a light bulb hanging from the ceiling and a trashy couch. As I went in someone kicked me from behind and I fell onto the couch, and then there were handcuffs on my hands. They strung my arms above my head and put some oranges into a towel. Probably about 10-15 pounds of oranges. And do you know why they use oranges Tony? Do you?" He gave me his piercing stare and waited in silence until I replied.

"Yeah. They don't leave bruises."

"They hurt like crazy and they make you hemorrhage."

They gave me a beating and never said a thing. I was bleeding out of my ass and my ears, and it hurt bad. It was worse than being in a Nick Nolte movie. And the entire time they were beating me I only got mad. I didn't have enough leverage to swing kick them, which is good because if I had I would probably be dead now, but I wanted to. Then they tore me down, ripped my shirt off, I never saw that shirt again, and they dunked my head into a thing of ice water. They went through my bags and pulled out some clean clothes and wiped me down and then took me and threw me on the plane. No one looked at me. When I looked in my bag I saw that half of my film was gone but, see, I had known something was wrong so I had marked all of the Aung San Suu Kyi footage with things like, "Pagodas, Elephants, Street Scenes," and all of the street shots with "Aung San Suu Kyi Interview." What they got were lovely shots of their pagodas and street scenes, and I hope they used it for their brochures and tourist traps, cause if they want to get my interview footage they can come..."

He trailed off and leaned back in his chair, brought the drink back to his lips and looked away from me. I knew I could get up and go now, but I didn't. I sat there and looked at a man who didn't quit even when he knew the odds were stacked against him. He held onto his goal and he achieved it.

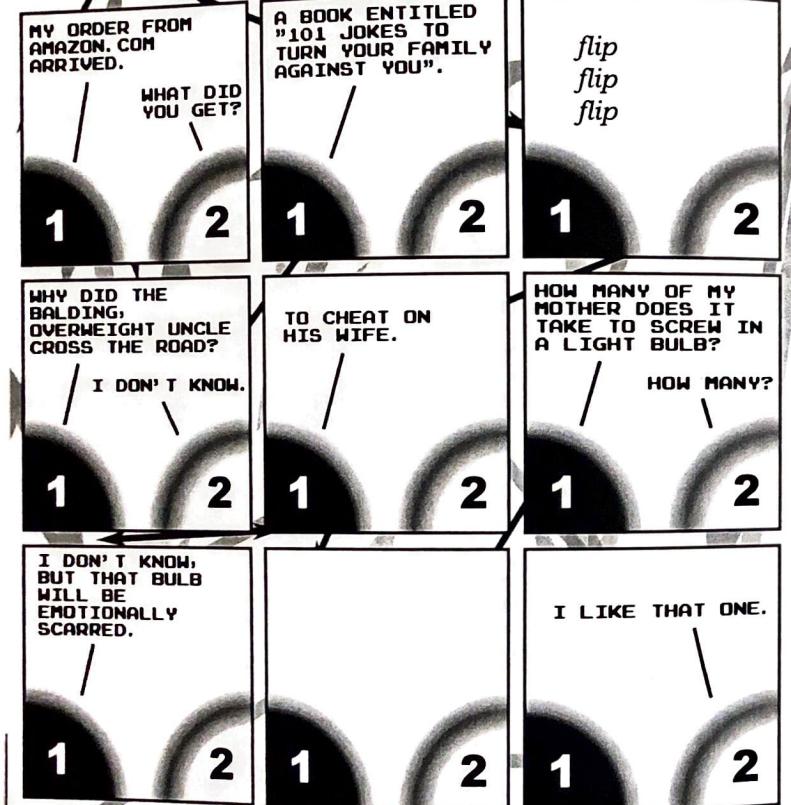
"You want a drink Tony?" he said.

"Sure man. Thanks."



DEATH TO THE EXTREMIST XLV

by M. Zole



I'VE GOT A TOOTHBRUSH YOU CAN'T FIGHT IT

WWW.ZOLE.ORG

I'VE GOT MORE REVERSES THAN READER RABBIT

HOMO SAPIENS ISN'T ALL IT'S CRACKED UP TO BE

by Joseph "Lemmy" Rosenbaum

Human beings are supposed to be the pinnacle of evolution. We are intelligent, rational beings who make logical, informed decisions. Why then do so few people actually make sense? Every time I turn around, it seems like someone's doing something that just doesn't hold up logically.

Last night at 2 AM I was working on the tons of stuff I was sent by visitors to my website, when this girl came wandering down the hall and asked if she could come in. I was between projects at the time, too tired to start another or get up to go to bed, so I was grateful for the diversion. After all, a 2 AM conversation has got to require less attention than editing stories, and at that hour all the letters were starting to blend together.

We exchanged formalities, you know, because you have to. Everyone has a list of mindless lines that can pretty much be used whenever. You have "Hey", or if you're feeling more adventurous you can ask "How ya doin", though of course no one expects an answer other than "Fine" or "Ok". Ever notice how people ask that while they're walking past you? I mean, how would you possibly have time to explain your myriad problems anyway? Of course, you can also ask "So, how about the weather", because everyone can talk about that, and usually agree.

She asked me how I was doing, and I probably said something like "Not bad, kinda sleepy", which is on the long end of an

acceptable answer, but hey, I'm a rebel. If it weren't 2 AM, I might have given a longer answer, but I really was sleepy. I asked her the same, and she said she was dying. I was mildly startled, but I wasn't going to spin around in my chair at that hour, plus I figured I had heard incorrectly, as per usual. Darn ears of mine. I asked for clarification, and here's where things start to get nonsensical.

She told me she was in death mode. Earlier in the day she was too happy, she said, she didn't have any problems. Except for one, that is, she decided she was too happy, the happiness was too real. So, she decided to make herself depressed and go over to G4, which has the unfortunate nickname of "The Morgue". I guess she figured that's the place to go when you're in death mode, though the people in my hall seem quite alive. Furthermore, it seems that she enjoyed being in death mode, enough to do it again, though she ensured me that she would not kill herself. That's good to hear, I guess. Usually I try to prevent suicides, not encourage them.

Now, I just can't understand why anyone would want to make themselves unhappy. In my view, the goal of life is to increase overall happiness. Of course one's own happiness will be preferred, but we ought to consider that our actions might harm others while they make our lives that much nicer. Here's this girl, though, who purposefully made herself depressed because she didn't like being happy. The kicker is, she seemed pretty darn happy while depressed. She certainly didn't have any regrets, and it seemed as though she enjoyed depression better than happiness. If you're enjoying something than you must be happy to some degree, which means she wasn't really depressed, she was happy. But she didn't want to be happy, because that was too real, so then she ought to have been unhappy that she was happy, and then she really would have been depressed, but she wasn't.

This is way too weird for me! I kept returning to this point during our conversation. I tried to make some sense of it, but it eluded my grasp. I hoped that some rest would make the world clearer, but alas, I am as baffled as before. Why would someone not want happiness, and how is it possibly to enjoy depression?

The conclusion to the story is, this girl somehow managed to convince me to give her a Coke. I don't know how that one happened, my Cokes are precious, but I guess even my reasoning powers are diminished in the wee hours. Still, I can't complain too much, as I did get an Omen article out of it. Plus, it was a pretty good conversation. And I never actually eat the foodstuffs in my room anyway, except for the chocolate chips. So, I guess I'm happy enough. And what else could I want?





I FEEL EMASCULATED WHENEVER |

PICK UP MY DEQUINCEY!

Thomas DeQuincey, that is, seminal English romantic essayist, visionary, and drug addict, author, most famously, of the "Confessions of an English Opium Eater," who has long been one of my literary idols, not simply or even primarily because of his celebrated addiction to what must surely stand as the most aesthetically pleasing psychoactive chemical ever to have been prevalently used in western culture (for of what other substance is it true that in the partaking one is forced to visit a DEN, and, once one has built up a habitual craving or addiction, is known as a FIEND? How sharp the contrast between this opium, known for its ability to provoke a "constitutional determination to reverie" necessary to "habitually...dream magnificently", with those frightfully banal substances most prevalently used on this campus, such as cheap beer, *cannabis sativa*, ecstasy, or, God forbid, cough syrup and prescription pills), but rather due to the fact that he has penned some of the most sublime and lovely phrases ever to grace the English language, as I discovered one evening last summer, encountering his essay "Levana, or, Our Lady of the Sorrows" in a volume I was perusing in my parents home. It was with great anticipation and the highest of expectations, therefore, that I devoured the "Confessions" themselves soon thereafter, only to find them to contain little more than simpering, sentimental, and, all in all, rather boring autobiography that reeked of self pity. No, it was in the sequel to this work, "Suspiria de Profundis", where the true gems are to be found. Indeed, DeQuincey himself described the contrast between the two as follows: "Imagine yourself seated in some cloud-scaling swing, oscillating under the impulse of lunatic hands; for the strength of lunacy may belong to human dreams, the fearful caprice of lunacy, and the malice of lunacy, whilst the victim of those dreams may be all the more removed from lunacy; even as a bridge gathers cohesion and strength from the increasing resistance into which it is forced by increasing pressure. Seated in such a swing, fast as you reach the lowest point of depression, may you rely on racing up to a starry altitude of corresponding ascent. Ups and downs you will see, heights and depths, in our fiery course together, such as will sometimes tempt you to look shyly and suspiciously at me, your guide, and the ruler of the oscillations. Here, at the point where I have called a halt, the reader has reached the lowest depths in my nursery afflictions. From that point according to the principles of art which govern the movement of these *Confessions*, I had meant to launch him upwards through the whole arch of ascending visions

BY: Nicholas Moon

which seemed requisite to balance the sweep downwards so recently described in his course. But accidents of the press have made it impossible to accomplish this purpose. There is reason to regret that the advantages of position which were essential to the full effect of passages planned for the equipoise and mutual resistance have thus been lost."

It is in the *Suspiria* that one finds the raptures just described. Imagine my dismay, therefore, when I found myself unable to proceed past the second essay; for, each time I attempt the third, the "Palimpsest of the Human Brain,"

I am stopped short by these dread words: "You know perhaps, masculine reader, perhaps better than I can tell you, what is a *Palimpsest*. Possibly you have one in

your own library. But yet, for the sake of others who may not know, or may have forgotten, suffer me to explain it here, lest any female reader who honours these papers with her notice should tax me with explaining it once too selfdom; which would be worse to bear than a simultaneous complaint from twelve proud men that I had explained it three times too often. You, therefore, fair reader, understand that for your accommodation exclusively I explain the meaning of the word. It is Greek; and our sex enjoys the office and privilege of standing counsell to yours in all questions Greek. We are, under

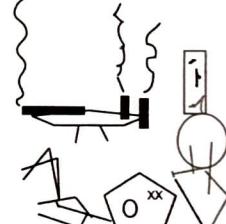
favour, hereditary and perpetual dragomans to you. So that if, by accident, you do know the meaning of a Greek word, yet by courtesy to us, your counsel learned in that matter, you will always seem not to know it." And, confessing myself to be as masculine as can be, despite the misconceptions of certain "sketchy" Parisians and burly Glaswegian gentlemen, I must yet own to the fact that I haven't the faintest clue what a *Palimpsest* may be, and am forced to close the book in shame.

So there you have it. In spite of all my best intentions, which I've treasured for over a year and a half now, here I am making my first serious, regular submission to the Omen way through my Div III (I contributed a few times last year, but my submissions were pretty much limited to obscure inside jokes). I'm sure there's a lesson somewhere here for you, kids. I'm just not sure what it is. My intention was to write a brief introductory article, with the title I've given this one, followed by a statement of purpose, describing what I'm going to write about and from what point of view I'm writing; for, obviously, this is all just an elaborately constructed pose, nothing but affectation, a careful and calculated mix of arrogance and self-deprecation. Frankly, however, I don't much give a damn anymore. *Ennui* seems to have overcome

for of what other substance is it true that in the partaking one is forced to visit a DEN, and, once one has built up a habitual craving or addiction, is known as a FIEND?



The Article Goblins Form..



An Opium Den!

FROGS ARE CUTE! So IS HAMPSHIRE!

I'm feeling a little put out lately. Last issue I wrote about how Beth Day finally convinced me to write for the *Omen* and I responded by finally submitting an article I'd written last year about my criticism of the Community Dialogue Project, complaining that it was representative of all the problems of Hampshire.

So last week, my *Omen* virginity taken by that shrimp-killing queen, I open the new issue ready to enjoy my first article. What do I come across? An article by Beth Day, saying she is tired of complaining about Hampshire all the time. Instead, she's going to make a list of all that she likes about Hampshire. So where does that leave me? Oh, I'm the whiny one.

If you can't beat 'em, join 'em. And I can't beat Beth Day (she'd kick my ass.) So to salvage my reputation, my second *Omen* article will, continuing in the traditional vein established by my previous article, be inspired by Beth Day as well. Actually, let's not beat around the bush: I'm copying her idea. And not just because I don't want to be the whiny one (there are, after all, plenty more Hampshire whiners than me writing for the *Omen*.) But because I am a great believer in the power of positive thinking, and I do think that one of the problems that leads everyone to whine and moan about Hampshire is that everyone is whining and moaning about Hampshire.

So here are some reasons for me, and potentially you, to be happy about being a Hampshire student:

Being able to wear whatever I want to.
How people are willing to do cool, meaningless little things.

An example: I have a friend who decided to leave Hampshire, transferred to another college, went there for a semester, and then realized how much he preferred Hampshire and came back enthusiastic and raring to go. When I saw him a couple of weeks later he was wondering if he'd done the right thing. I was surprised at that, when he had been so excited before. One of his main problems, it seems, is that he's been hanging out with people who just spend all their time complaining about how much they dislike Hampshire.

Think how much a better time we'd all have if we spent less time complaining. It's easy: you just spend less time thinking about and talking about things that make you upset. I'm not encouraging total Pollyanna-ish cheerfulness or acceptance of the many problems Hampshire does have. And I'm not saying that I'll ever be any better, or spend any less of my time hating on the Business Office. But it is right for us to actually sit down and appreciate once in a while. That's why I like leading tours for Admissions; about once a week I get to review all the reasons that people should like Hampshire. And I manage to come up with a whole hour of them.

So here are some reasons for me, and potentially you, to be happy about being a Hampshire student:

I know the old saw about how Hampshire people are only non-judgmental of people who are non-judgmental in exactly the same ways, and agree to some degree, but I don't think we appreciate how laid back people here are. When I was an exchange student in Sweden (a fashion-conscious, black-obsessed country) people would laugh at me if I wore the "wrong" clothes to the disco. I had to buy a whole new wardrobe just to fit in. I was reminded of that last semester when I was on field study in Costa Rica (also very fashionable and big on extremely tight pants.) There were simply some things I could not wear without inviting stares and the thought that I was just plain weird.

I found myself longing for Hampshire where I could just put on whatever I wanted in the morning and not care at all that it was going to affect how someone thought about me. Sure, I might see someone and mentally class them as a hipster or a hippie, but for the most part nobody really seems to take more than a vague passing interest in what you're wearing. There are always a couple people who dress strangely enough that everything looks relatively normal in comparison. And, thank god, not everyone is wearing exactly the same thing.

How people are willing to do cool, meaningless little things.

This is partially related to Beth's point about how people make crazy ideas real here. The other day I walked up to the library and between the pillars in front of the front doors, someone had placed a row of perfectly spaced snowballs of various sizes. Silly, pretty, and cool. And everybody passing through had stepped over them. I liked that.

How we live in such a beautiful place.

My first year, I met some students from Harvard who were here for a conference and staying in my friends' lounge. I asked them what they thought of Hampshire and they seemed just bowled over by the fact that it was in such a green, beautiful place. One of them said she had gone jogging that morning in the woods. I guess that would seem pretty cool if you went to college in Cambridge. But we tend not to think about the fact that we have acres of beauty all to ourselves.

Anyway, the bell being one of our few traditions, makes it even nicer that it's such a cool tradition.

How has my thinking changed since the last time somebody asked me?

I think that it's because Hampshire makes you ask your own questions. People can choose a major they love, but they're still choosing somebody else's idea of what to learn. At Hampshire we get excited about our work and other people's work because we know we're putting it together ourselves.

The bell.

How people are excited about, and talk about, their work.

My friends at other schools have majors. They take their classes, then they go home and do various activities that may or may not be related to their academic focus. They may hate or love their majors, work really hard for class or focus most of their energy on extracurricular activities. But I never really hear them discuss their academic work in any

substantive way.

Hampshire is different. On tours I tell people that the best way to make small talk is just to ask somebody about their Div II or Div III. Last year when one of my friends was writing her Div III on civil disobedience, I got to hear all about her ideas and thought process. I got to ask questions and think about the topic myself. And every time someone asks me about my Div II, in explaining it I have to

think about it all over again – where am I making the connections between my interests?

How has my thinking changed since the last time somebody asked me? I think that it's because Hampshire makes you ask your own questions. People can choose a major they love, but they're still choosing somebody else's idea of what to learn. At Hampshire we get excited about our work and other people's work because we know we're putting it together ourselves.

All of this is probably long enough for one issue; I don't want them to run my article in teeny-tiny type worthy of Jeff's trip to Toronto. But rest assured that there are other things I like about Hampshire. Maybe I'll even write about them sometime. But right now, it's Saturday, and the deadline is coming up. I have a lot of work to do here in my lovely library carrel. Until next time: think positive, and if you see Beth Day, watch out. That girl's got a tricky side.

into one big party. It's just such a cool idea.

The Airport Lounge.

Ranting about how long it took to get it back together this year, or how the color scheme must have been thought up by a colorblind dog, would not be positive thinking. So I'll just say how happy I am that it opened again at all, and so soon after my personal return to campus. I have a very, very hard time doing work in my room. That's why I have a library carrel. But the library closes at midnight, and before there was a staffed airport lounge I always felt pretty sketchy about going in there to get work done late at night. You do get this feeling that you're the only one in the whole building, (except for the Public Safety office, which is too far away to hear you scream.) Now that the Airport Lounge is open I can return to my tradition of pulling all-nighters on those ugly brown couches, fortified by hot chocolate and the tap-tapping of several other people doing the same thing.





Beth sez GRRR!

A few of my Div III friends and I have composed a list of things you should not ask a final semester Div III, and things you should simply not mention to a final semester Div III. Take this as a guide my dear Div I's and II's, if you value your safety. If you know what's good for you, simply allow your Div III friends to bring up the subject on their own. You and they will be glad that you did.

Anything about the following:
 - The number of days until May 2nd
 - May 2nd
 - Final meeting

HALF-ASS ETIQUETTE: QUESTIONS YOU'RE ALL GONNA ASK ANYWAY

- Graduation
- Div III
- Meeting with your committee/ chair

"Is it going how you planned/want it to?"

"Explain your Div III to me"

"What's your Div III about?" (especially, "What's your Div III about? I forgot.")

"What are you going to do after you graduate?"

"So, how's your Div III going?"

"How far in are you?" followed by "Shouldn't you be further along by now?"

"Shouldn't you be working on

your Div III?"

"Is that it?" after looking at/viewing the Div III

"Why does that matter/who cares/what's the point?"

"You should have done _____."

"So, how's the job search going?"

"Are you going to graduate school?"

"Where are you going to live after you graduate?"

"Are you and _____ going to stay together after graduation?"

"When I'm Div III I won't put things off until the end."

"Shouldn't you be working on



PLEASE DON'T LEARN YOUR BEDROOM TECHNIQUES FROM PORN

In the erotic story by Laura Torres in the last issue of the Omen, "Token Latina Probably Hates You But Probably Wants to Fuck You," the main character, Lydia, is about to have hot sex in the library when she tears open a condom with her teeth and slips it onto the dick of her partner with her mouth. While this is a fairly well known technique, I would like to point out that it is downright dangerous to be opening condom wrappers with your teeth. You could easily bite an unnoticeable hole in the condom, and then it would lose all effectiveness, not protecting the users from pregnancy or STDs.

Too often we hear stories like this in movies or porn, and no one disputes them, leading to possibly risky behavior. Another example: In "American Pie" a character talks about using two condoms at once (I don't remember why they have this idea, I think something about longevity, but no one ever corrects them). This is a TERRIBLE idea, as the friction of the condoms rubbing against one another makes them much more likely to break than if you were just using one. As a trained peer educator of four years, I feel it's imperative for my fellow Hampsters to know why these commonly held misconceptions are dangerous. So go have some great sex, just don't open any wrappers with your teeth.

by: Nickey Robare



DANCING AEROBIC FOR YOUR HEALTH

by: Jesse Frota

What is up with Massachusetts? I hail from South Jersey, and there are some extreme differences between my home and New England. I'm not talking about climate changes, or snow on the ground in 50° weather, or even the lack of jughandles on the main highways. No, I'm talking about one very important thing that seems to get little or no respect here. Dance Dance Revolution.

Now, you must realize that South Jersey is one barren place. A wise man once said, "There are only three things to do in South Jersey: Parties, Diners, and Bowling." Of course, this wise man never heard of Bermani. Today in Jersey, there are DDR machines in every public place. Skate Parks, Arcades, Malls, Bowling Alleys; they've all got Dance Dance Revolution machines. Why, you might ask? Because they SELL. We of South Jersey are so bereft of public entertainment that we are willing to invest dollar after dollar into our precious machines. And why not? DDR is cool, down there.

That's not all. DDR players get CHICKS, man. I kid you not. I've gotten many a shorty's number merely by kicking the ass of an 8-foot song and impressing the crowds. As long as you've got style, you've got it MADE.

Here in Massachusetts, however, I feel like a stigmatized minority for liking my dancing games. I mean, climbing a god-damned WALL seems more popular than DDR. How the hell does that happen? Come ON

people; seriously.

I'm happy though. Our local mall here has recently upgraded their craptastic 3rd Mix to an illustrious 7th Mix, the second newest machine set out there. Perhaps with this jump in technological splendor, more converts will join us. Yes...join us...the cult of DDR...worship the arrows...

Cult of DDR. Ha. Though it's true, you know. A lot of people really go crazy about DDR. I'm not one of those people. DDR isn't my life; it's just a hobby. It's a really AWESOME hobby, and you should really try it if you haven't, but still, it's not everything.

Which leads me to my next point. Hampshire has what seems to be an unofficial DDR club which meets every Friday at 8 PM in the Dakin living room. These guys are CRAZY. They hook up their laptops to the TV (which means we get a whole shitload of songs) and we play on some really good soft pads (which surprisingly don't suck). It's a great environment to hone your skillz and show off.

We've got a huge assortment of songs. On the internet, there are people who are REALLY crazy about DDR, and make their own songs and steps. These files are called .dwi files, and they play in any DDR simulator. The sim of choice up here seems to be Stepmania, and I admit, I've got it on my computer as well.

It's a good program, allowing you to use the keyboard or, if your computer has the right hookups, Playstation soft pads. You can download files from a lot of different sources, and some of the songs are amazingly fantastic. It's some good stuff.

So I guess what I'm really trying to say is that Massachusetts has much less of a DDR following than Jersey, and I'm not sure why. Having an unwarranted bias against something you've never tried is NOT cool, people. Dance Dance Revolution is a lot more fun and less humiliating than you might think. I implore you all - come try it at least once. You might be surprised.



kitty submitted by: Beth Day

POLITICS AND CHICKEN SEX

People will love bad movies and hate good movies, and shit will overflow from a clogged toilet while people lift their feet to avoid the feces-water... and women will be pinched or hollered at by perverted men while good men are clubbed and destroyed for believing, and standing up for what they believe in. Bosses are still assholes and will be assholes, and some will be good, but few and far between, and we will be encouraged to get our kids into the best preschool so that they can get into the best kindergarten and then the best elementary school and middle and high school, and the cycle of rinsing our children in the best water we can find will continue, and they will all emerge searching for a college and looking the SAME, having all been rinsed and bathed, scrubbed clean and prepped in the same water, all identical, and those strange kids who took a year off to see India or Bhutan will be receiving the rejected rich kids spots in that hard to enter college... And bombs will drop over Iraq and Afghanistan and maybe Pakistan or Korea, and back home 'true Americans' will throw their Burger King or McDonalds wrapper on the floor and say, "damn towel heads deserved it. Fucking with the good ol' U-S of A!"

God forgive us!

But the revolutionists have always been here and always been there, and I'm not saying they're wrong, because, shit, I don't like this setup either. But they gave us Bush and Gore and we were left scratching our heads trying to pick a lesser of

two evils. It was like a choice between being stoned to death with pickles or drowned in a giant jar of mayonnaise (Costco maybe?). No, it wasn't like that, it was worse, like choosing between coffee laced with arsenic or tea laced with arsenic. But we chose since we had to, and the blacks, or African Americans is it now? (At one point it was a conflict between negroes/blacks), claimed to have been screwed by a funky ballot. This last election I showed up and they had COMPUTERS there, ready to take my order. I protest voted, clicking on all democrats, even though I had no knowledge about any of them or their beliefs, because Bush sickens me and scares me and makes me laugh. Clinton may have gotten gobbled in the White House but we weren't on the verge of fucking ourselves in the ass by making enemies of the world.

"The economy takes two terms to have effect, so everything that's going to shit now is Clinton's fault," a friend told me. Really now? And Bush has NOTHING to do with any of our economical crisis? Enron, Enron, Enron, my friends. Enron. And if we want to bash Clinton, lets think of this... What about the state of Mexico right now? If you haven't been you should go and take a look in Mexico City... you may be fooled and think that you're in a shitty American town. Maybe better. Clinton loaned them an arm and

a leg and they DID something with it, and they REPAYED IT EARLY. Anyone ever hear that if you make friends you don't have enemies? Yea, I guess we could go bomb them and then bomb those other bastards, and when we piss off enough of the UN we can bomb those fuckers too, but why not work to make FRIENDS of enemies and then they won't want to kill us. I once heard that 1/10 of our years military spending was enough to feed all the hungry in the world. We can't give up one tenth? Is it too much to ask for 10 cents out of a dollar if it means we can feed our enemies and make friends of them?

Of course it's not that simple. We send relief and the big honchos in that country's government keep it all for themselves and their friends, while the poor stay poor and broken. Like bush is so much different

and sometimes our 'aid' is completely misused, like in Guatemala, where the fatprickle-leading down there used

the money to increase his real-estate and murder more and more of his own people. America is great at funding murderers. So we need force, don't we? We need someone to enforce the spending, cause if no one enforces the rules then the bad men will break them.

And we come closer and closer to a new Vietnam and half of the youth is excited to protest and ditch class to have sex and do

drugs while being 'radicals' and anti government, as the other half wants to kick the shit out of the wanna-be hippie half. I don't want either one. I'm watching the world crash down around me and hoping that I die before it gets too fucked up, and planning to get my tubes tied so that I never bring a child onto this planet. The coward's way out you could say. But, it's fitting, seeing as I'm selfish AND a coward.

So the posters of Bush being compared to different breeds of ape will be posted, and the poet will preach so quickly that we don't catch a word and then he will have his way with a groupie in the back, a groupie who was only a groupie because he was on stage. And friends, I must say, the power of a STAGE is staggering in ways of attaining women. If the male is pedestaled then the female seems to think that he has something special, that he deserves the

though... and sometimes our 'aid' is completely misused, like in Guatemala, where the fatprickle-leading down there used

the position... but that's another topic. So our revolutionists won't bathe or will bathe infrequently and philosophize to each other on meanings and non-meanings and ways to teach everyone

everything, and then they will go smoke their pipes and bongs and drink their beer from their cans and as they look at their puke in their trash bins they might realize that they don't know what they're fighting for, just fighting to fight, the same as the soldiers and marines who don't care what the international policy is and whether it's about oil, they're just fighting to fight.

Where will it go from here?

The troops will land with high spirits wearing their anti-chemical suits and as they stand guard all night, unable to sit because you CAN'T sit in those suits, they will be proud. I will be proud of them for their guts and willingness to give up their lives for me. And when the shit goes down and their suit tears on a rock during a fire-fight, and they feel the anthrax or chicken pox or cold virus, whatever Saddam has cooked up for us, entering their systems, and maybe feel their insides rotting, dissolving, disintegrating, they might think, "shit, I could have been home fucking my wife and tossing the Frisbee with the dog..." the machine guns will be laid out and the tanks will roll and the bombs will DROP, bammm, booommm, and shit will EXPLODE! And Bush will get his rocks off thousands of miles away from the action while his oil buddies pat him on the back and the new generation of hippie screams, "we don't want your stinking war!" at the White House steps, unheard and uncared for by anyone that matters. Unless, until, they get big enough that a notice HAS to be taken, but even then, who thinks Bush will listen?

Meanwhile I'll sit back and take classes like a good student and maybe get laid once or twice, maybe write a piece of fiction that someone likes and maybe attend a peace rally, stand in the back, cross my arms and wonder if we have a chance.

Coffee with arsenic, tea with arsenic, it's still arsenic, and in the end, we're fucked.



Daily Jolt Roundup

Sunday, February 9:

User 'Mangowoman' appears confused about how to get funding from "HIP", the group formally known as Hampshire Independent Projects. His/her plea is soon answered by 'boots (Guest)', who suggests that the signers of said group should be sought out for informal interrogation. Someone inevitably blames community council for HIP-related woes, while others argue over the economics of film/photo at Hampshire. In entertainment news, the Simpsons poke fun at Ken Burns.

Monday, February 10:

HIP discussion continues, skittering out of discursive control until 'Mangowoman' loses all hope of getting his/her original question answered. Questionable Hampshire financials take center stage, with generic Hampshire apathy blamed yet again for lack of student control in such matters. User 'boots (Guest)' wonders how "racism/classism in Div III" pans out among material concerns for art students. A very special shout-out to user 'Guest name (Guest)' who pines, "oh NS, why did I ever leave you?" (presumably s/he is now a film/photo student).

Tuesday, February 11:

Talk of the "NYC Protest" begins bright and early c. 8:40am, when user 'Gir16' probes for schedules and transportation. Conversation then pulls a double-somersault twist + rounded half-gainer, scores a 9.8, and ends up on Joe Millionaire. More discussion of Hampshire apathy occurs throughout the day, ironically

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producing numerous reasoned and lengthy arguments. Student involvement in community development is a hot topic, prompting user 'drewbeck' to reveal that "the original plans for the airport lounge called for glassed-in 'shag booths'."

Wednesday, February 12:

Scathing insults arise from a discussion of the "erotic": "adam your a pervert, get a phone sex license." [quote attributed to 'Guest name (Guest)'] Oh how it burns, almost as much as the multiple mentions of "self-immolation". Around 2:41pm, a horror-struck 'Nina ChiaPer' publicly agonizes over an "American Idol SCAM". Several others share her dismay, lamenting the disqualification of pop hopeful "Frenchie" who was accused of acting in Internet porn. 'Jeri' is simply interested in finding the videos.

Thursday, February 13:

"dancer seeks Male choreography partner". Mm. Indeed. And I am a copulationist looking for a study group. Another possibly less disguised thread asks the rascally first-years, "why did you and your classmates come here?" User 'jeanineophobe' is the only one to answer, thus positing one of several situations:

- a.) S/he is the only first-year.
- b.) S/he embodies the aggregate consciousness of all the first-years.
- c.) Nobody else has a fucking clue.
- d.) Statistically speaking, an overwhelming majority of said 'firstys' failed to respond, thus hurling the

fledgling study into a fitful void of under-representation equaled only by the Domesday Book.

Friday, February 14:

Is that an "erotic...open mic TONIGHT!!" making your crotch throb, or are you just accustomed to stuffing gerbils down your pants? Either way, user 'pir' seems ready for action. In related news, 'jonah16' warns: "The Hamsters Are Coming". S/He is, of course, referring to "the funniest Satire magazine to hit the pioneer valley since March 8th, 1972". Several responders mistake 'Hamster' for some sort of Hampshire mascot and express mild to moderate perversion at the seeming iconic appropriation. It is later clarified that 'Hamster' is an acronym of 'Amherst', and that 'acronym' is an acronym of 'acronym'.

Saturday, February 15:

Saturday pretty much abstains from Jolt activity, which helps explain the sunny weather and fair skies. A few responses to the Hamster discussion provide some quality 'I'll-ignore-the-fire-klaaxon-and-read-the-Jolt-instead' entertainment, but beyond that things are pretty quiet. I'll insert some stimulating conversation topics to make up for it:

- "Joe Millionaire gets/ spreads syphilis"
- "Virginity and Contact Improv"
- "Party in Mods 50-89"
- "I only post when unforgivably inebriated"

Sunday, February 16:

Discussion harkens back to the fantastic snack-mobile of legend, the "double decker bus". Originally intended to service the Hampshire community by offering convenient food options while driving around on vegetable oil, this plan was scrapped in favor of projects like "the now defunct Bridge Cafe II or whatever the fuck they called it." [quote attributed to 'hoseur (guest)']. Bickering over group sustainability and the best use for \$7000 ensues.

In fashion news, user 'buffy-acting' is looking for the clothing-klepto responsible for snagging his/her duds. Four out of five responses commiserate over the woebegone wardrobe, while the ever elusive 'Guest name (guest)' says it's "all a LIE!!!! A LIE!!!!" The investigation is still underway.

Monday, February 17:

Around 8am, several clouds began shedding huge amounts of dandruff. Two hours later user 'JPMarxx' says Hampshire needs to break out some serious Selson Blue, lest any prospective students trip and die before becoming a wealthy alum. Some discussion ensues over the efficacy of Phys. Plant plowing and snow-removal faculties, with an offhand suggestion from 'T (Guest)' to release "wild tigers and other hungry beasts" on campus for further reduction of safety. While this is unlikely to happen, some discussion of "Ripping Down Republican Posters" could ostensibly invite an analogous fight-or-flight response. The requisite mention of close-minded Hampshire liberalism serves as a point of angst for several Jolt-ers, while others such as 'Guest name (Guest)' chalk the lecture up as the latest crave for attention in "a pathetic circus of

self-righteous masturbation".

Tuesday, February 18:

A pleasantly self-contained conversation occurred early this Tuesday morning, with the entire post-response thread clocking in at just under 1 hour. I don't think I can paraphrase all of the subtle complexities without detracting from their ultimately sentimental message- thus i have decided to treat you the readership to this, the surprise back-door-Broadway hit "I'M DRUNK".

'Guest name (Guest)': "yup, just a little bit. I want someone to make out with now."

'Critical' : "i always want to make out when im drunk! i would make out with you..."

'Yep me too (Guest)' : "Yep, I'm drunk and I'd make out too."

Wednesday, February 19:

The brunt of today's posting concerns a "republican for council?!".

After Nearly 29 hours and 29 posts, the thread is full of topics like "don't vote republican", "political diversity, etc.", "RE: an annoyed liberal", and "Pro-Jolt? Vote Tac!" (in reference to the community council candidate). Attempts to mark the differences between "Squelching political diversity" [quote attributed to '(radicalsubversiv)'] and democratic choice weave in and out of attacks on, and clarifications by, community council. Ultimately, it is the mention of "sewer socialists" [(d) (Guest)] which legitimates the entire discussion.

Thursday, February 20:

A fairly random assortment of postings today, some discussing pressing political goings-on and others touting various parties. Apparently some "Hampsters demonstrate in Berlin" along with about 500,000 other jelly-

donuts. The outcome is described by 'jawlensky' as "generally positive...despite the lack of any immediate effects on the US war effort." Other international news concerns the screening of "My So-Called Life", to be held at 10pm on Thursdays if user 'Guest name (Guest)' is to be believed. Cryptic posts from 'le fact (Guest)' and 'Guest name (Guest)' round out the day nicely, providing ample opportunity to ask "wtf"?

Friday, February 21:

Some people want to play "Euchre". Some want to play "Magic". Still others require a "PARTY!!!". There's a workable compromise in here somewhere, especially if you throw in a few "hampshire bands". That'll make for a "big ass rock show" and a much more interesting "Trustee meeting". Lord knows I only like my financials when discussed over prog. rock and geeks.

Saturday, February 22:

The people want "polls"! More specifically they want polls about sex, and encourage Jolt headmaster 'Lemmy' to take immediate action. User 'Get it here' decides to forego the Q&A and do some advance research on his/her own. A drunkard responds shortly afterwards, claiming s/he'll be blundering around campus in due time and, if spotted, should be taken off the road and made out with. In local governance, 140 students manage to elect 6 community council members running for unopposed positions.

The election itself must be ratified before its results become as official, to ensure the vote was not fixed by special interest groups such Chess Club and The Meat Collective.



WE ARE NOTHING

She was giving Tom a look like she wanted to participate in a sexual act with him.

"Do you want to suck my cock? Is that it?" Tom said.

"..."

"If you wanna suck it you can, but only if you're good. If you suck at sucking then he's going to stick it in your ass and he's going to cum while he's deep in, real deep, so deep that hopefully the next time you take a shit there are bits of his cum mixed up in it." Jim interjected.

"..."

"You want to suck it don't you? Fine, you can have your chance, I'll pull it out and you drop to your knees, ok?" Tom said.

"Fucking assholes," she said and walked away...

Tom drank from his drink and she walked away, ass shaking like she had an ass to shake. Tom looked at his friend Jim, a bearded scraggly bum, another flake like Tom was, and said, "Woman, woman, 3 major holes and only two of them worth it."

"I want one, I do, I want one NOW. NOW... NOW!"

"Shit Jim, calm, simmer, fucking chill. It will come."

"NO, NOW! THAT ONE!! THAT ONEEE!!"

Tom looked at the girl Jim was pointing to, heading into the subway stairwell. The rest of the street was empty, except for the girl Tom had hit on and been rejected by, another woman in the world who didn't want a loser's cock inside of her, and rightly so.

"Ok, we'll have her."

"YeSS!!" Jim said.

Tom and Jim began to follow the girl who was wearing a short black miniskirt and a blue tank top, heading down into the belly of the city, to the pit of transportation. Tom focused on her legs and Jim focused on her ass, and Tom thought of her legs spread and Jim thought of her asshole being torn, thrusted, torn, ripped with cock.

"Ours, ours, oh god, yes, ours," Jim mumbled to Tom.

"Yeah, yea," Tom replied, not sure if this was going to happen but willing to humor Jim. Roll with the fucking punches.

Down the stairs they followed her, 20 paces back, eyeing her body and what they each wanted about it. She stood at the platform, leaning against a pillar, and Tom paced around Jim, making a circle around him, still 20 paces back, looking but acting like they weren't. She searched through her petite black purse. Tom and Jim breathed deeply. Both of them didn't deserve places on the street, much less in the world, and they eyed their prey.

"When I get her, oh, when I get her... she's going to know it baby, she'll know what COCK is!" Jim said while he reached a hand down his pants and massaged his prick.

Tom nodded his head as he began another circle around Jim, looking at the ground and now glancing occasionally at the girl who may soon be having a horrible end to her evening.

The train came with a thunder, and Tom felt the vibrations in his feet and watched the windows flow by like a flipbook. Very few

faces in the windows, changing constantly, giving Tom the crazy surreal feeling of life.

"That train, the one she's on, we gotta be on that train," Jim said.

"Calm DOWN," Tom said, "CALM, cool, she's ours. We have her."

"Shit Tom, I need this shit, I neeeeeed it!"

"You BITCH!" Tom said and slapped Jim across the face, "CALM!!"

Jim slunk his head and headed into the train that miniskirt had entered. Tom followed.

Only three other people were on the car. A white teenage boy dressed like a thug, real or not, Tom didn't know. An Asian girl, Korean maybe, sat with a book cracked and her mind absorbed, reading, studying, learning things Tom and Jim would never know. A janitor, Mexican, sat in the far corner, reading a newspaper, his name tag stating 'Sergio'.

She stood, her miniskirt touching the top of her hips, Tom leering at the pale legs and Jim wondering if he needed lubricant to enter the ass. She pulled a cell phone from her purse, checked the time, returned it. Tom and Jim both grabbed handholds above their heads and stared, gazed and fantasized. She didn't seem to have a clue about what they were thinking. The train got going.

"Mine, she's FUCKING MINE!" Jim yelled and ran at her, a fist in the air. His fist knocked her head and Tom jumped in place, starting, scared and worried, but ready to follow the flow. She fell to the ground quickly with a small

grunt. Tom held his handgrip as Jim kicked her in the head. Tom glanced around, wondering if someone would stop them, and saw the thug looking out the window, the Asian girl engaged with the book, the Janitor never glancing up from his paper. Jim kicked like he was playing soccer with her head, Tom watched, felt an urge to join, but stayed back and watched. He felt the desire to do something to stop it and join it at the same time.

Soon she was unconscious. Jim saw the change and fell on top of her body, sitting on top of her as she lay on her back.

"MINE! MINE!!!!" Jim screamed and Tom looked away, ashamed.

Jim used the miniskirt to his advantage and slipped it up, quickly revealing her blue panties. He pulled a knife from his back pocket and put it to her throat.

"This bitch is MINE! Right Tom?!"

"Yeah, yea, Jim, but take that shit away from her throat! You don't need murder moron," Tom replied, glancing around the train and realizing that everyone else was pretending that **NOTHING** was happening. He felt disgusted, with his friend, himself, and the people around. **DO SOMETHING**, he thought. **STOP US!!!**

Jim used the knife to cut the panties across the crotch, removing the weak cloth protection, and then it was there.

Tom watched Jim unzip and pull his pants down, just enough, barely enough, barely ass crack showing, and the hard-on was free in the front. He lay on top of her and began having his way. Tom turned away. He couldn't watch, he couldn't see it, couldn't stand to see it. He wondered if he could bring himself to take a turn.

Jim talked dirty to the unconscious victim.

"You LOVE it bitch! Yes YOU DO!! My prick is DESTROYING YOU!!"

Tom made a fist with his hand and walked behind the rape, standing over Jim as Jim pumped and prodded and invaded an innocent lady. Tom primed his fist, held it behind his head and aimed it at the back of Jim's head. **YOU ASSHOLE! YOU SON OF A WHORE!** Tom thought.

He held his fist fast the entire rape, watching each pump, hearing the groans Jim let out and the faint groans the girl let free, the subconscious groans of pleasure, enjoying it in her dreams, but most likely loathing it when she awoke.

Jim pulled his cock out and unloaded on her upturned miniskirt. The white cum slid, streaked and rolled off of the black material like oil on water. Tom lowered his fist. He looked at her face and watched her nostrils expand and retract as she breathed. She snored.

"Go Tom, HIT THAT SHIT! It's TIGHT baby, tight like a chicken's asshole! TIGHTER! Where's the blood? This whore was tight enough to be a virgin!!"

Tom glanced around the car and locked onto an add stating that parents were the best anti-drug, then turned his gaze to the Janitor. The paper was lowered slightly and the Janitor was looking over it like an angry father, and he stuck Tom with a stare that said,

"What are you doing boy?" Tom looked away, unable to match the piercing gaze.

"GO FOR IT! It's all yours!!" Jim said.

Tom looked at the girl on the ground, her long hair strewn around her head, her skirt pulled up and her panties cut. It was his turn.

"What you waiting for bitch! I

do all the god DAMNED WORK! If you don't want it I'm taking it home for later use!"

Tom slapped Jim again. This time hard across the side of the head, and Jim fell sideways and banged his head on the corner of one of the seats.

"YOU FUCK!" Tom said as he began kicking Jim in his ribs. Tom kicked until he was out of breath and Jim was coughing, spitting blood and bile and thick mucus onto the ground.

Tom stopped his onslaught and looked at Jim, holding his ribs and sobbing lightly. Tom reached a hand to his own face and wiped tears from his cheeks. He hated to fight. Then he looked at the poor girl lying on the ground, her face already showing bruises.

"Your turn asshole..." Jim said as he spat up another chunk of yellow mucus.

Tom gave Jim a loath-full look and then began to unbutton his pants. As he did so the train stopped and the thug got off without giving a glance in the direction of the two disgusting bums who were raping an innocent girl. He left, unconcerned, as if it were all normal. Was it?

Tom fell on top of the girl and felt her pussy with his hand, the smooth feel of it. He slid his prick out of his pants and inside of her.

"YEА! Do it bitch! Fuck that whore!!" Jim said.

"Shut the fuck up you curt, before I kick your ass again!" Tom replied as he pumped into the unconscious girl. His eyes filled with more and more tears as he got closer to cumming. He wanted to cry for his loss of humanity, but he was too far-gone. He was **nothing** and he knew he was **nothing**, and he pumped and pumped as Jim sat quietly watching, caressing his testicles and wanting a second turn. Tom pumped and pumped and then pulled out right before he came.

continued on page 21



promised myself I would never use an Omen article to blatantly shill for one of my activities. I broke that rule my second semester. That, however, is incidental to the discussion at hand. Because I am doing it again, but in my defense, the group in question was actually founded, more or less, in the very pages of the Omen.

The World Wrestling Collective (in case you hadn't already figured that out from the title of my article) has been around for five years now (which is actually really long for a student group), but we have fallen on hard times lately. It seems that Hampshire college is facing a downturn in interest about professional wrestling (and its cul-



The Beetle Suplexes the Fake Beetle

ture). This saddens me greatly, but is not entirely unexpected as it follows national trends of teens and young adults watching professional wrestling less and less.

But really, what is so fun than a bunch of people pretending to beat each other up?

First of all, we are not pretending to do anything. Is it choreographed, sure? But, I say, so what? At heart, we are storytellers, enacting the neverending battle between good and evil as funneled through the narratives and tropes of professional wrestling. It's art, really, and fun art at that. Sure, you could try your hand



El Nastico hits a massive plancha on Big Papa Smurf

the performance and character are far more important to us. And, if wrestling doesn't float your boat, we are looking for announcers and referees too. If you don't like it, you can always subtly mock it.

Sigh I'm really not very good at this whole advertising thing. Basically, we're just a bunch of kids who like wrestling, and created our own homage to it. And hey, we've been featured in the online version of Salon. That has to count for something. So if that interests you, contact jip00@hampshire.edu for more info. Oh, and we've never had a serious injury, well except for Hugo, but he's a crazy fucker.

Until next time, I promise to right about something interesting, like alt.fast.seduction.

THE WWC IS THE PLACE TO BE



The Monkey King bludgeons hardcore legend Hank Newcastle

It doesn't even require a particular wrestling acumen,



by: L. McNamara



RAW DATA
by Ms. McNamara

WHAT WOULD YOU SACRIFICE IF YOU COULD STOP A WAR IN...

Ms. McNamara's note:
No cities, boyfriends or cute fuzzy animals were hurt as a result of this issue's poll question.
Ok?(said in a whiny voice)

	Iraq	N.Korea	NYC
Maggie	my first never-to-be-born child	my Pannini grill	my Caesar salad dressing recipe
Jen	That's a pretty interesting question, Lauri. It's really lame but I would say a car if I had one.	Oooh, more than a car	I feel like you're in a fire in a house and you don't know what family member to save.
Tim	I would definitely sacrifice driving but that's such a serious answer.	I guess I'd sacrifice all forms of processed sugar (that includes honey but not fruit) and 100 goats.	Oh, that's really hard 'cause I'd like to see a war there.
Ken the fury	What would I sacrifice? Uh...there's what I would sacrifice and there's what I would sacrifice that would actually help. I would drive less but that's not going to stop a war in Iraq. You're assuming I could stop it. Nothing's gonna stop it. It's unstoppable at this time. I would sacrifice my silence. Ooooh, there it is.	(thinks very hard) I guess I dunno. It's the same answer that I don't know if I could...	(rolls eyes loudly) I guess these questions show me that I don't understand the connection. I realize the lifestyle we lead in this country leads to these problems.

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WE ARE NOTHING

He came on the floor and a tear fell from his face and landed on top of the pile. The train stopped and Jim got up. "Let's go! Now! Go!" Jim yelled at Tom, and Tom stood up and stumbled out the door while trying to re-button his pants. He caught a glimpse of the Asian girl and she was absorbed with her book. Stumbling out the door he wondered if she even ever looked up. "That was /!" Jim said as they left the subway, heading up the stairs. Tom nodded and followed the vision of his friend's heels up the stairs. He felt like he was going to puke. He felt like dying. He felt that he should die. At the top of the stairs Jim turned left and kept walking, but Tom couldn't go on anymore. He fell on the ground, curled into a fetal position, began sobbing. Jim turned and looked at him with disgust. "GET UP! We gotta go!! GET UP!" Tom lay on the ground crying and Jim turned again, walked, departed, and ran off into his uncertain future. Tom just lay there, wanting death, knowing he didn't even deserve that much.



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WHAT WOULD YOU SACRIFICE...

	Iraq	N. Korea	NYC
Lila	my education at hampshire college	not a whole lot	my house
Debbie	I've been thinking about this. I would go carless: do-able for me but a pain in the ass.	The car one was so easy 'cause it was somewhat related but this..I guess I would say my house. If we're talking about nuclear things shot at our country I would be more apt to say, "I would die to save Los Angeles."	Oh my God. I don't want to die because my sister lives there and my parents live near there and I wouldn't want to put them through sorrow but I guess I would (sacrifice myself).
Jim	of my pay	Iraq	nothing
Sue B	I'd give them the rest of my eggs.	You mean Nkorea is different from Iraq?	my pink triangle
Bill	I don't know.	The same thing I would sacrifice to stop a war in Iraq.	I'm trying to think what I would sacrifice to stop any war. I guess my life. It depends who we're at war with and why they're attacking us.
EA	Wow, that's a good question. Me, personally? I'd take the bus everywhere.	What do you think I should sacrifice? Is this like giving things up for Lent?	Given my feelings about NYC and their baseball teams, I don't think war in NY is such a bad thing.
Amanda	money, academics, comfort	the same things	everything
John	I would give my life if it would stop the war. I'd give up my soul to stop all wars.	It's the same-it's all the same to me.	It's all the same. There's not much more to give after that. That would be easy. There are hundreds of thousands of people willing to give their lives, unfortunately, that hasn't stopped war in the past, probably won't stop the war in the future. What will stop war in the future is to befriend your enemy.
Shane	What is this, one of those first year law school questions?	This is a hard question. This gets to the root of humanity.	Are you trying to trap me here?
Neil Y	Wow. The obvious answer is John Ashcroft, but how big a sacrifice is that? But if it's gotta be something painful, let it be a bunny, but just one.	It'd be the same thing, I guess. Maybe "see above".	(reacts bewilderedly) Oh, Lake Placid, which I've always called "Jock Placid."
Rebecca	That's a big question. I would sacrifice a cow at midnight. I'm a vegetarian so that means something.	I don't know. A horse? This is tough stuff. I would sacrifice various animals.	the same
A girl who needs tissues	My beautiful coat-I don't know, a lot of things.	Plenty of things, I'm trying to think of one thing that you could write down, like my computer or something..	(shrugs helplessly again, shakes head hopelessly) I don't come from NY. I don't care that much. Now if it was San Francisco.. Bloomberg
Roma	I would give up Lent.	I don't know, Lauri.	

	Iraq	N Korea	NYC
Justin	my life	same	it has to be the same
Andrew	everything I own except the clothes on my back	same	I'm not going to sacrifice anything for that. That's ridiculous
Cass	myself	myself	myself
Stephanie	I'm not sure how I feel about the war right now	I'm not sure we shouldn't do it. We should "go" to Nkorea before we "go" to Iraq.	my house
Daniel	I presume it should be meaningful, not like my liver..um..I would use proprietary software for a year	Are there even rumblings of a war there? I would give up watching Celtics for a season	I don't know. NY would be kinda cool.
Alli	My glorious detachable jaw	Oooh, that's hot. The left leg out of my bras	Uhhm, I'll go with firstborn.
Bernadette	Anything if I thought it would actually help.	same answer	same answer
Emma	my boyfriend	the president	my job
Frank "the world" Padellaro	a year's pay	There's not going to be a war in Nkorea. There's either going to be no war or a flash of white light and scorched earth.	a year's pay
Dave	Something big if it were feasible.	I don't know.	A lot. I really don't know but I'd do a lot if I had to stop a war in any of those places.
Lindsay	I could think of a great many things. If we were talking about a boycott, I would be fine with not driving my car or even giving that up. I would have to have someone ask, would you give this up or give that up because I would do a lot for peace but I can't pull it out of my head. If I could ensure it wouldn't happen, I wouldn't have a problem restructuring my life.	I'm thinking of war in Iraq but I see them all connected.	Wow, I wonder what a war in NYC would be like.
Sarah	That's a loaded question. What would I give up? I don't even know. The value is so abstract.	Why would it be any different?	Well, I think it would be consistent to say the same thing.
Jamie	I would sacrifice some of the privileges that go along with living in a global superpower.	All Nkorea really wants is to be left alone so we don't really need to know what's going on between their borders. You're asking a very uninformed person.	Wow. A hell of a lot more than I'd sacrifice to stop a war in Nkorea, that's all I've got to say.
Alex	Uh. I'm a tough candidate. 'Cause I'm not certain of my stance on the war, but to stop..I don't know.	same as first	huh
Josey	A lot less than I'd like to think I would.	(silently shrugs)	Now we're getting into the good stuff here. My right pinky.



Section ZOLE



WARNING: SPOILERS!!

by: Michael Zole

The games I've played number in the hundreds, but I've only finished maybe a few dozen. There are a variety of reasons for this, not the least of which is that the games I've played number in the hundreds, but when it comes to old ("classic") Nintendo games, I'm not sure this is a problem. See, many of these games are more about the journey than the destination, and that's because the destination is usually inexplicably silly. Here, for your (probable) enjoyment, I present the ending dialog from Konami's 1989 masterwork *The Adventures of Bayou Billy*. I think it will bring an 8-bit tear to your eye.

